

PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION
FOUND HIM GUILTY.Old Dr. McConigal Convicted of Causing
Annie Goodwin's Death.Impressive Midnight Scenes in
the Grim Old Court-House.Col. Fellows's Masterly Presentation
of the People's Case.Tell it out again. Tell it again, and poet!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Friends she had none.It was Col. Fellows who spoke, but in the
voice of a million fathers, mothers, sisters,
brothers."Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed
upon a verdict?" pronounced Clerk James
Davenport in Part III. Court of General
Sessions, at 12.16 o'clock this morning, in
the usual official sing-song tone."We have," and a dozen men nodded, and
Foreman Dietrich Wehrmann arose in his
place."Prisoner, arise and look upon the jury,"
growled Clerk Davenport, "and under his
bustling black mustache.Dr. Henry G. McConigal's little form
stood erect, and his colorless little eyes
blinked from the ash-gray face, surrounded
by a mouse-gray bush of hair and beard.The man crawled on his hands and knees
toward the jury, and then he stood up, and
said: "I am guilty, your honor."There was a nice bit of chicken, rare roast
beef, white bread and yellow butter; a bit
of trout, vegetables and condiments. A
perfect little dinner from olives to coffee, and
the main little old man partook of the
spread with much apparent relish, but
daintily, too, as befitted a professional man.At 8 o'clock the jury returned, and in-
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sentencing the old man till Friday next, in
order to give Mr. Oliver and the other law-
yer who came to the rescue of Dr. McConigal
the time to prepare a case for an appeal.Then Deputy Sheriff Burke, big as a half-
dozen Dr. McConigals, took the prisoner
back to the Tombs prison.It was nearly 10 o'clock this morning when
the old man crawled once more into cell 66,
second tier, old prison.It was a gruesome scene, that last one in
the trial of this aged sinner against the
moral and the statute laws.A dreary, dark down in stormy, New York
streets, half a century in the gutter, and
few people ventured from their homes.City Hall Park was deserted and gloomy.
No tramp had the hardihood to essay rest on
park bench and the policemen patrolled
their beats in moist and clammy loneliness.The public offices were closed and the
faces of the buildings were dark and dimly
outlined against the sickly flicker of the gas
lights and the pale glare from the electric
lamps.But there was one corner of the brown
stone Court-House that shone brilliantly
through the surrounding gloom. The
chamber of Part III. of the Court of General
Sessions was brightly illumined. Every seat
was filled, and the room was packed with
people, and the policemen patrolled their
beats in moist and clammy loneliness.The court room was filled with people, and
among them were half dozen of the coterie
of richly sentimental women who were still
faithful in their devotion to the little old
doctor. Perhaps some of them had enjoyed
his services in the criminal practice for
which he was famous, and for which he was
now arraigned at the bar of justice.In the corridors men lounged with lighted
cigars and their hands about the necks of
strangers, finding seats on the Court-House
steps between showers.A whole week had been consumed in the
search for a jury of twelve unbiased men-
men who had never read a line of the
columns printed in the newspapers about the
horrible crime; men who had no pre-
judice against the prisoner, and men who
were sure they could decide impartially on
the evidence alone.Another week had passed away in the ex-
amination and cross-examination of wit-
nesses, and the ordeal was fast approaching
its end.At 3.45 yesterday afternoon Col. Fellows
for the prosecution, and the Five Points
statesman for the defendant, announced
that they had exhausted their proofs, and
fifteen minutes later Mr. Oliver arose to
plead for his client.The argument of Mr. Oliver was two hours
long, but it offered no convincing reasons to
the jury why they should not find Dr. Henry
G. McConigal guilty of taking the life of
his pretty girl patient. It asked, on gen-
eral principles, the twelve men in the box to
save an aged man, who had never happened
to catch before, from death in a prison
cell.It appealed for the dear old friend of the
lawyer who had come to his defense. It
asked that he be spared from punishment
because he had been such a kind-hearted,
charitable man. It asked that he be saved
to a hospital of patients and of neighbors who
owed their lives to his medical skill—but it
offered no satisfying reason why the jury
should not believe the indubitable evidence
of his guilt of the crime charged, except
that that evidence was entirely circumstan-
tial.Great stress was laid on the fact that no
one had been produced to testify that they
saw the fatal operation.Then a recess was taken of an hour for
dinner, and one of the sympathetic females
brought in from a neighboring restaurant
and placed on the table before the mouse-
gray doctor.There was a nice bit of chicken, rare roast
beef, white bread and yellow butter; a bit
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ROYALTY AT THE RACES.

Comte de Paris and His Party
Seeing All the Sights.The Duc d'Uzes Catches the Eye of
All the Girls on the Avenue.The Duc d'Uzes is the duke of the party.
He is out of it now, growled the king as
he arose and started out of his iron-barred
cage, while a pretty young lady got on the
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